

Sweet Baby

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Dedication: Written, largely, for Doomsday Bean in encouragement, as well as a few other notable people I just can't remember at the moment.

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><p>"Does it hurt?"<p>

Had it not been for the fact that he was three years older and therefore already knew what was being spoken of without preamble or notification to be prepared, Dagur might have uttered the words "What are you talking about?" and been made to feel the fool when Hiccup reiterated his inquiry and a blush like red mist would be sent to spread over Dagur's face in mere seconds of understanding.

But, just because he knew what the question pertained to, without clarification, didn't mean the Berserker wanted to answer it. Don't get him wrong, he would have no problem chatting about the issue of bodies in motion together in one bed and all the disgusting noises and lewd suggestions that came with it if he was back on the Isle of Berk with other boys, butâ€¦ Hiccup was ten and Dagur was on his thirteenth summer and if the scrawny fishbone was asking him questions, it probably wasn't a good thing. It was never quite a good thing when Hiccup asked Dagur questions rather than run for his life while Dagur suggested a new "game" they could play that involved sharp weapons or breaking things (_Hiccup never exactly PARTICIPATED

in that anyway, but it was still fun to watch him try and keep Dagur from doing it without fail_) too close to where their fathers' were for Hiccup's comfort.

He really didn't want this to turn out like the time when he was ten and Hiccup seven and they got into a debate (_how that time didn't end with Dagur breaking a table in Stoick's house or burning something down or punching Hiccup in his incredibly stupid face was still an uncomfortable mystery to the redhead_) about the value of a good defense if offense was never an option that somehow devolved into talking about the differences between sea and forest battles and Dagur picking up a stick to draw in the dirt a maneuver that could serve as both offense and defense in either territory. Their parents had caught Hiccup perched on a rock Dagur had set him on so he could look at the layout in the dirt properly while Dagur was still speaking about the perks of the particulars he was drawing, looking very full of himself until his father squealed like a little girl (seriously, Dagur would never be able to live that down as long as he lived, ever) and said he was so proud that Dagur was looking into more possibilities in life other than just an all-out fight to settle disputes.

The redhead that stood taller than Hiccup by almost two heads could not tolerate it if he got into explaining sex with Hiccup and Stoick wandered over and heard them with Oswald. Either his father would be very proud of himâ€”a disgusting thought all on its own meritâ€”or Stoick would toss Dagur into the dragon pit the people of Berk kept, simply for destroying Hiccup's view on something Stoick would probably never like Hiccup to know about (_though, Dagur could hardly blame the man; if Hiccup ever had sex and got some girl pregnant, then there was no telling what the baby would turn out like. The people of Berk did not need another Hiccup on the same island; it would be nothing short of like having two natural disasters to keep locked up_) as long as Stoick could keep it under wraps.

Dagur looked down at the runt of the village and tried not to look like a deer at the wrong end of a Berserker crossbow.

"â€|Depends on the people, butâ€|not, like, for sureâ€|" He finally answered, suddenly sorry he had left his helmet back on his ship just because one of the horns had broken off (_entirely his father's fault when Dagur had told him it was fine to wear and then Oswald had held on when Dagur grabbed it and yanked_) and he would look somehow silly.

Hiccup blinked up at the taller boy, twiddling his thumbs together and showing the light in his eyes changing them somehow and making Dagur even more uncomfortable when Hiccup answered, "â€|Oh. Okay, thanks."

And he was walking away as though he had a mission for himself in mind.

Now, while Dagur was not the most responsible person among Vikings anywhere (_a dragon could be considered more responsible with breathing fire and stealing food and knocking houses to the ground with little effort_), he was also not so incredibly stupid as to let a conversation like that pass and then simply allow Hiccup to WALK AWAY with a look like that. The last time that happenedâ€”and how he recalled the ringing in his ears from both Oswald and Stoick yelling

at him for allowing it to happen without alerting them or trying to stop itâ€”half of the Berserker fleet sitting in Berk's waters had been half destroyed by male dragons fleeing from a raid in quite the hurry and all of the women of the village out for Stoick and Hiccup's head because of Hiccup stealing all of their USED undergarments. It would have been funny if Dagur somehow hadn't gotten blamed for falling asleep in the mead hall after drinking a tankard of ale when he was supposed to be spending time with the runt who would eventually sign the other half of their peace treaty one day.

He was up the hill and right next to Hiccup in the amount of time it would take a dog to bolt from its abode on the porch of a house and across thirty paces. Which was to say, seven seconds and a little twinge in his legs and lungs for moving so quickly and so suddenly.

"Wait, wait, wait! What are you doing?"

"I'm just going to fashion something for my ears when I work in the smithy."

"â€|Eh?"

Hiccup snubbed his toe into the dirt at his feet and looked, for once that day, as embarrassed as he usually was.

"Wellâ€|my dad and Gobber, sometimes, do weird things when I'm supposed to not be at work and getting food and stuff. I asked Snotlout what grownups do when they make those noises and are naked and he says that's what happens when people have sex. I just needed to be sure and ask someone older that wasn't an adult yet."

"â€|And if I had said something different?"

Hiccup tilted his head back and answered like it was the most obvious thing in the world, which normally would have earned him a punch in the face from Dagur, but for the moment curiosity won out, "I was gonna tell uncle Spitelout and ask him to make dad and Gobber make up from fighting like that."

* * *

><p>Exactly a mile south of where the kids stood (or fell to the ground laughing like the lunatic there was, in Dagur's case; birds being spooked from their branches by the disturbance and Hiccup taking a few steps back and away) and in the chief's usual spot in the mead hall, Hiccup's uncle Spitelout felt the hairs along his arms and the back of his neck stand on end.

The boat keeper and brother of the chief blinked twice and glared at the bottom of his pint, wondering if Snotlout had done something to it when he'd told the boy to fetch it.

End
file.